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Ages make the succeeding generations lovers of the beautiful? Consider the case of my own city of Edinburgh. Did Trinity Church, the most charming church in Edinburgh, make the citizens lovers of the beautiful? It was pulled down in order to make sidings for a freight-station!

Beneath the great castle-rock was once the beautiful Nor' Loch. The then Lord Provost said that Providence had clearly designed the site of the Nor' Loch for a railway station. So the Nor' Loch was drained and the Waverley Station, at one time the largest in the world, was put in its place! And I have been wondering ever since, *what Providence has designed for the Lord Provost?*—but trust that he is in a position to appreciate the waters of the Nor' Loch now.

We may sum up our conclusions, so far, as follows: first, the beauty of the city depends upon the unconscious expression of the beautiful nature of the true citizen to a far greater extent than most men are at all aware; secondly, conscious expression, whether as a result of teaching or from a sense of duty, must in a democratic state initially proceed from a desire in man's inner nature; thirdly, although beautiful examples will have some direct effect upon men, even in this case the result is only appreciable when the inner nature is noble enough to be inspired and to desire understanding. Consequently we are driven to the Platonic point of view that the root of the matter lies in the noble nature itself. We may therefore have to fall back on a system of eugenics, as he suggests, and with or without such a system, perhaps, as he also proposes, adopt a graded scheme of society, but one founded on justice, so as to secure the dominance of the noblest natures.

There is, however, a third alternative, and again, after working it out, we find as usual that Sokrates and Plato have anticipated us. They argued that if only we had absolute knowledge we must do right—that wrongdoing arises from a mistaken notion as to what is really good. In normally constituted persons this is true enough: man does not deliberately choose the worse for the worse's sake. Even the murderer has a mistaken notion of good to be derived from his action. Otherwise he would not

do it. In other words, what he knows—and by *knows* we mean fully realizes—is the immediate gain; what he does not realize is all the infinite results to himself and humanity. This, it is true, is counter to the medieval point of view and accepts the Greek estimate of the fundamental nature of normal humanity. It may, however, be admitted, without leaving the Greek standpoint, that man does fail in effort, in energy, and may frequently be content to remain at the lower level or choose the lower, because of the effort involved. But this does not mean that he chooses the worse for its own sake.

What then we have to do as teachers is not simply to exhort, not simply to reiterate the value of beauty, which may become a most irritating procedure, but give men the knowledge that will force them to see that they are deliberately following their own worse interests. What we must do is to proceed from the known to the unknown; we must translate the unknown into terms of the known, the higher into terms of the lower and in that way compel men to see its value.

Let us take as an illustration a crude case from the material world. Here is an appliance worth a hundred dollars, which is known and understood. Here is a thing worth two hundred dollars, which is unknown and not understood and which appears to a man to be useless and of no value at all. Tell him that he can have them at the same price or effort and which will he choose? Of course he will choose the one of lower value. But prove to him that the other is worth just twice as much and then tell him that he can have it for the same price or effort; and which will he choose? Of course he will choose the one of higher value.

This man is what the true teacher must be and what we must attempt in the next section to show; we must not merely tell a man to follow beauty; we must make him understand, realize, fully grasp that the material things that he does understand are not worth so much as the beauty that he does not understand. If only we can do that, I for one have faith that he will follow. There will be faint hearts no doubt; but even they, although they lack the fervent energy to pursue the highest, will hesitate in the future to pursue the lowest. If only we can do it! certainly it is difficult; but we can try.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)

IN ITALY

I

A sunlit garden all a-dream within tall poplar trees;
Long arabesques of lazy paths; massed flowers;
droning bees;
Hills terraced close with clustering vines; bronzed
workers, merry throngs;
Old crumbling ruins ivied deep; the lilt of half
heard songs.

II

War's trumpet peal. A people armed affront the
northern sky.
Dark rumbling lorries swarm the roads. Grim
regiments plod by.
The mountain peaks, the climbing trench, the clash
of bitter strife—
Beneath, the mould of bygone pomp; above, the
thrill of life.

Tudor Jenks